

SEPTEMBER 30, 1835.

DR. CHARLES HOLMAN,

Nos. 9 & 10 Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.

Has prepared and constantly on hand and for sale, whole

sale and retail, the following Medicines:

#### Nature's Grand Restorative.

This valuable vegetable medicine stands unrivalled for the following complaints: viz: Dyspepsia or Indigestion, diseased Liver, Bilious Disorders, Dropsy, Asthma, Coughs, Worms and Loss of Appetite, and by cleansing the stomach and bowels, cures pains in the side, stomach and breast, colds and coughs, long standing, hoarseness, shortness of breath, nervous complaints, &c. which is frequently the effect of disease. Its virtues surpass any thing heretofore known, in removing St. Vitus' dance; two bottles have been known to cure this afflicting disease, after having baffled every exertion for four years. It has most powerful influence in removing nervous complaints. It is pleasant to take, and its operation so much so, that it may be administered to the infant with safety. Price \$1.00 per bottle.

Directions for receiving this or any other of the following named medicines accompany and envelope each bottle. Certificates of the efficacy of this medicine have been received from the Rev. George Storrs, a talented and highly esteemed Minister of the Gospel, of the Methodist Episcopal Church, who, from William Walker, Esq., an officer of the Customs of the port of Portsmouth, N. H., Mr. Josiah Webster, dec'd, late Messenger of the several Banks in Portsmouth, and Mr. Robert Foster, printer, of the same place—whom gentlemen, it is well known here, are as credible, respectable and competent witnesses as any persons in this community. Also from the Hon. Judge Baugh, of Alton, Mass., Mr. Isaac K. Palmer, of Concord, N. H., Mr. Ralph Smith of East Cambridge, Mass., and several other as respectable persons.

#### Holman's Bone Ointment.

This ointment stands at the head of all remedies for the following diseases which human nature is heir to, viz: Rheumatism, both chronic and inflammatory, gout, sprains, bruises and contracted tendons, of long standing. It dissolves all tumors, renders stiff joints limber, by producing a healthy muscular action. It assuages pains in the limbs and alleviates the swelling in swelled and inflamed breasts in females; if applied in its early stage, prevents suppuration or matter forming, and gives in all cases immediate ease from pain. Crystallized oil of sweet almond is used in its composition. It is applied to the part with the assurance that it far exceeds the Opodeldocs and Liniments of the present day, for the above diseases. A trial will only wanted, to give it the decided preference to every thing else. Many physicians of eminence have used this ointment and extol its merits.

A certificate of Mr. Robert Gurney, carriage maker, of Portsmouth, N. H., of the cure of his disorder of a contracted knee, accompanies and envelopes each vial.

#### Rh. Ointment.

Directions for using this preparation accompany each box. This ointment is safe and speedy in its operation. It contains no mercurial or other deleterious ingredients, so common in many of the popular ointments in use.

#### Vegetable Elixir.

This elixir is useful in all cases of pain, is taken inwardly or applied externally. Directions accompany and envelope each vial.

#### Fine Slippery Elm, for Pouches.

There never was an article introduced into the "healing art" surpassing this, for burns, bites, cuts, bruises, chilblains, old sores and ulcers, inflamed and swelled breasts, and inflammation generally. The poultice is made in the ordinary way, as you would any other poultice, with milk and water, cold or hot, as the case may require. There is another kind, which is called "superfine," for internal use. All may be had in any quantity of Charles Holman, Penhallow street, Portsmouth, N. H.

#### Superfine Flour of Elm Bark.

This article is a valuable specific in Pleurisy, Diarrhoea, Catarrh, Dysentery, Quinsy, Consumption, inflammation of the stomach, bowels, throat, &c. &c. Nothing surpasses it for external application as a poultice, for inflamed eyes, bites, cuts, bruises, and sores in general. This medicine is recommended by the first medical gentlemen in our country for the above complaints. Directions to each package.

#### Dr. Holman's Cough Syrup.

This Cough Syrup is a most valuable medicine for loosening a hard dry cough, and for those who are inclined to whooping-cough. It is valuable for children, in cases of whooping-cough, chin cough, &c.

Directions.—For grown persons, children from two to four spoonfuls, as the case may require. Taken from one to two spoonfuls.

#### Vegetable Bitters.

This preparation is calculated to correct the bile and create an appetite, by restoring the digestive powers; and may be freely used both as a restorative and to prevent disease. Directions accompany each vial.

#### Holman's Drops for Fits.

A great number of children afflicted with Fits arising from various causes, as well as numerous adult cases of falling sickness, have been radically cured by a proper use of this medicine. Directions accompany each vial.

#### Holman's Essence of Cayenne.

This truly valuable and pleasant preparation possesses every possible advantage over that in its crude state.

#### Dr. Holman's Cough Powder.

This Cough Powder is a valuable remedy for common colds, whooping-cough, and coughs of long standing. It has been long tested, and is recommended to the public as one of the most valuable medicines now in use.

Directions.—Take half a teaspoonful in molasses on going to bed.

#### Dr. Holman's Jaundice Powders.

This powder is one of the best Jaundice preparations now in use for this distressing complaint. It warms and cleanses a foul stomach, and produces a healthy state of the bile.

A most distressing case of Jaundice accompanied with great debility, was recently cured in this place, in the course of three days, by the powder. Directions accompany each vial.

Also a very general assortment of medicinal herbs, roots, leaves, &c. are constantly on hand at wholesale or retail, at as accommodating prices on commission or other arrangement, as at any other large establishment in the Union.

Particular information respecting the above medicines may be found in a pamphlet published by the Proprietor, which may be had of the Agents.

The following persons are agents for the sale of the above named medicines:

Massachusetts. Geo. M. Mead, Union street, Maynard & Noyes, No. 13 Cornhill, and William Brown, Washington street, Boston; Rev. N. S. Spaulding, Newbury, H. H. Hallowell, Hallowell; Joshua Hubbard, Lowell; Elijah Porter, No. 3 Washington street, Salem; James Worthington, Amesbury; Rev. Samuel Norris, Salisbury; James Mulder, Lynn.

Ver. Hampshire. Kirtland & Cleveland, Lamprey River; Uri Lamper, Hampton; Upham & Berry, Rochester Plains; Dr. Reuben Wilcher, Dover; James Fogg, Ossipee; William Gook, Concord; Ephraim Day, Lamprey River; Wm. North & Co. Great Falls, Somersworth; John H. Wheeler, Asa A. Tuffs, Dr. W. Norwood, Exeter; John R. Reding, Haverhill; Elder Guy Beckley, Keene.

Maine. Dr. Henry Hamner, Bangor; David Griffith, Portland; Elder Henry Frost, Corvallis; William Spring, Calais; Capt. James Albee, St. Stevens; Sam'l Jackson, Jr. & Co. Belfast; Joseph Clark, York; Sam'l Adams, Cape Neddick; Samuel Sawyer, Canaan; Capt. William Good, Wells; Wm. Remick, Kennebunk; Enos Goodale, Saco; Wm. Winslow, Brunswick; James Bowman, Gardiner; Tappan & Ladd, Augusta; Jesse Taylor, Norridgewock.

Vermont. Burdick & Skinner, Newbury.

New York. Robinson & Aspinwall, James H. Hall, and A. Innes & Co., New York City; J. V. E. Vanderhoff, Brooklyn.

\* All directions signed in the hand writing of the Proprietor.

#### PRICE REDUCED.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY ALMANAC for 1836 is offered to the public at the low price of 50 cents per dozen. This Almanac is printed on superior paper, and is got up and executed in a style unsurpassed by any thing of the kind published. It contains much matter as any other, and it will be found in all respects a correct and useful Almanac.

WEAVER & SOUTHWICK.

Boston, Sept. 15, 1835.

#### BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY.

THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warehouse at No. 8 State street, where they now offer for sale such articles as are manufactured at their Factory, consisting of as great a variety as at any other establishment in this city. All goods offered to the public at the above warehouse will be stamped with the Factory's name, and warranted of the first quality, and in no cases will higher prices be charged than at other establishments.

The public are respectfully invited to call.

Purchasers from the South and West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets.

FREDERICK GOULD, Agent.

July 22.

#### TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum if paid within two weeks from the time of publishing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.

2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.

3. All the travelling preachers in the New England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, in whom payment may be made.

4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.

5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.

We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.

# ZION'S



# HERALD.

Published by the Boston Wesleyan Association, under the Patronage of the New England Conference of the Methodist Episcopal Church.

Vol. VI. No. 40.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1835.

Whole No. 314.

## ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington St.

BENJ. KINGSBURY, JR., EDITOR.  
ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION OF GENTLEMEN.

David H. Ela, Printer.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

"In that hour Jesus rejoiced in spirit, and said, I thank thee, O Father, Lord of heaven and earth, that thou hast hid these things from the wise and prudent, and hast revealed them unto babes: even so, Father, for so it seemed good in thy sight."—Luke x. 21.

He rejoiced! Who rejoiced?  
He who left his throne on high,—  
Heard'n't to the sinner's voice,—  
Laid his bright glories by,—  
He who wept at Lazarus' grave,  
And the path of sorrow trod;  
He rejoiced in spirit—gave  
Thanks to Heaven—The Son of God!

Brightest joy was on that cheek  
Which was oft bedew'd with tears,—  
To the lowly and the meek,  
"Young in knowledge and in years,"  
Deepest mysteries were reveal'd  
To their all-astonish'd eyes,  
Which his wisdom kept conceal'd  
From the prudent and the wise.

Thanks from holiest lips arose  
To the Architect of heaven,  
Who the feeblest vessels chose,—  
E'en to babes his grace was given!—  
Gracious majesty descend  
Not to those who feel secure,  
And the highest heaven bends  
But to lowly, meek, and pure.

Not on prudent ones, and wise,  
Those whom mortals most esteem,  
Who the grace of God despise,  
Does the smile of Jesus beam!—  
Not for such his thanks arose  
Through the portals of the skies,—  
Nor did God to such disclose  
Heaven's eternal mysteries.

Hartford, Conn., 1835.

JUSTITIA.

We admit the following as a matter of justice to brother Sunderland. But, of course, we cannot be expected to open our columns to a protracted controversy relative to the desert of writers in another controversy.

To the Editor of Zion's Herald:

"AUDI ALTERAM PARTEM."

DEAR BROTHER—The article which you admitted into the last No. of the Herald, signed "Audi Alteram Partem," it is believed, does great injustice to the author of the "Essay on Theological Education," and hence, I doubt not, you will suffer me to correct the error, into which the writer of that piece has fallen. I sincerely regret the necessity of doing this, especially as this person has not seen fit to disclose his name. And considering the "style and personality" of his remarks, perhaps it is well for him that he did not. However, the "voice" of the piece is somewhat familiar to me, I believe, and I shall not consider it as a fair specimen either of his head or his heart," except so far as he agrees with the author of the "Strictures" in his opposition to "Abolition" and "Theological Seminaries."

I. This writer errs, in stating that the article in the Quarterly Review, which you censure, was "a rejoinder to an attack made on D. M. Reese." This article in the Review, I have never read, but I know that it cannot be "a rejoinder to an attack" made by me, upon the person here named. The true state of the case is this. About a year since, an "Essay on Theological Education," written by myself, was published in the Review above named. To show you that there was nothing in this Essay, "heretical" or "Anti-Methodistical," it is sufficient to observe, that it was read in the hearing of Dr. Fisk, President of the Wesleyan University, Dr. Olin, President of Randolph Macon College, Dr. Bangs, and the Rev. Messrs. Merritt and Durbin, then editors of the Christian Advocate and Journal, and the views advanced in it, were unqualifiedly approved by each of these respected brethren, and their approbation was expressed in the kindest terms to me, personally.

In the next No. of the Quarterly this Essay was "attacked" by D. M. Reese. Concerning the "personality and style" of this attack, I will only observe here, that it was pronounced by Dr. Bangs, the personal friend of its author, in some editorial remarks which accompanied the "Strictures," "unjustifiably severe," and "unwarranted for," and more than once, I believe, it was further testified by the editor of the Quarterly, that the Essay was "misunderstood," and consequently misrepresented, by the writer of those "Strictures."

Now, my reply to those "Strictures," your correspondent calls "an attack upon D. M. Reese!" And he wonders that you did not "inform your readers" of this fact! But, why did not this writer "inform" himself, sufficiently, with regard to this subject? Why did he not inform your readers, that the "attack" was made by the person whose manner of writing you censure? And, in doing this, he need not have been at the pains to tell of the many others of his brethren whom he has "attacked," among whom are the Rev. Messrs. Willson, Scott, A. D. Merrill, Storrs, and, in fact, the whole of the New England Conference.

2. This writer thinks, that you would have "found ample reason for your grief," if you had read my reply to the "Strictures" above named. He may think so; but the editor of Zion's Herald expressed no "grief" to me, when he "looked over" that reply, as he informed me he did, when it was at first published. At least, it is certain that there was no very distinct impression made upon his mind by any thing which he found in it, as it seems he has now forgotten that he ever read even one sentence of it.

The "impartiality" of this writer's "criticisms" are further manifest, when, after acknowledging that neither the reply nor the rejoinder "are to be taken as fair specimens of the authors' heads and hearts," he states, that "Brother Sunderland obviously wrote under strong excitement," but "Dr. Reese repelled the assault with a righteous indignation, as he would call it." The readers of the Herald will perceive what a good-natured thrust this is, and how evident it is, also, that the author of the Essay "assaulted" his brother "under strong excitement," while the "Dr. repelled" this "assault," not under "strong excitement," though he imitated it in "style and personality," but with "a *righteous indignation*!" But there is a little kindness in the heart, after all; the writer does not intimate that his brother S. "imitated the style" of the "Strictures" to which he replied.

3. Again this writer says, that the author of the reply to the Strictures "sneers at the name and professional title of a Methodist preacher," "in a style of personality which bespeaks contempt and ridicule." I deny this. He might, with just as much truth have said, that I sneered at the name of "John Wesley;" and perhaps he will now say, that his own "name and professional title" is "sneered" at "with contempt and ridicule," because I have quoted his signature, "Audi alteram partem," precisely as I find it attached to his communication, just in the same way that I quoted the name of the person to whom I before replied. The name prefixed to the "Strictures" was "David M. Reese, M.D.," and so I quoted it without alteration. And this, I am now told, is "sneering, in a style of personality which bespeaks contempt!"

4. Once more. This writer says, that the author of the reply to the Strictures, "accuses a brother Methodist preacher, of ignorance, artifice, dishonesty, equivocation, misrepresentation, falsehood, and even forgery;" and all this in language, style, and personality, of the most offensive kind! Well, here is "a specimen" of "style and personality," with a witness! And can the brother, who holds such language as this concerning another, "shake hands with him," at the same time, "in his heart?" But he is giving us "a specimen" of his "practice upon the *lex talionis*" perhaps; and let him give his "name and professional title" in his next "impartial criticism," and the readers of the Herald will understand the nature of my offence, which has provoked him to talk thus.

"Falsehood and forgery!"—and all this in language, style, and personality of the most offensive kind! And now if I say, that this sweeping charge is not true, this writer, (whom, I doubt not, "shakes hands in his heart" with "D. M. Reese, M.D.," on the subject of "Theological Education" and the "Anti-Slavery Question," will be tempted to complain of me for accusing him of "falsehood." But not so, Mr. Editor; I only mean, that there is "another party" who differ from me on the subject of "Theological Education" and the "Anti-Slavery Question," and out of zeal for this "party," its friend, in this case, has said what, in fact, is by no means true, though it does not, I hope, involve the sin of a wilful falsehood.

5. This writer errs again, when he intimates that I "was the offender" in this controversy; and I marvel at this statement, because the person who makes it, must have known that the first "attack" was not made by me; and though I have replied to one of the attacks which another has made upon my Essay, yet I am not ready to believe, that I am now the "sufferer," from any thing which I have said in self-defence against my assailant. If the piece in the last number of the Quarterly, is of the "style" and character which the friend of its author attributes to it, I think one might "suffer," at least, the loss of his time and labor to attempt a reply. I have already said all I wish to say in defence of my Essay. If any one has "assailed" the author of that unimportant production, instead of the principles advocated in it, why, our readers must judge who "the offender" is, and who, in the end, will "suffer" loss. I "shake hands with" all good men, "in my heart," and among them, with you, Mr. Editor, and your correspondent.

LA ROY SUNDERLAND.

Salem, N. H., Sept. 28, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## DUTY OF PARENTS RESPECTING THEIR CHILDREN.

NO. VII.

Children should be taught to speak the truth. Possibly some may think I am here introducing a subject which is trite—one that every body knows. But admitting its triteness, it is yet important, and one too, which has been astonishingly neglected. It should be deeply engraven on their minds, before they become confirmed in a contrary habit. Children associate together in their early years, at which time their first associations are formed. In imitation of what is daily passing before them, they trade with each other, make bargains, enter into engagements, &c. &c. How far such things may be allowed, is not for me to say; but in all their juvenile contracts and recreations, truth should be undeviatingly observed.

I once knew a father who would correct his son for telling an untruth to his associates, as soon, as if spoken to himself. If parents would but pursue this course, in teaching their children to speak the truth respecting "little things," hundreds would be added to the list of reputable citizens, who otherwise may become unfit for society.

We admire the course pursued by Augustine Washington, father of the late George Washington, a name peculiarly dear to every American. It is said of him, that he had a beautiful nursery of fruit trees in his garden, which he highly valued. Observing that one of the trees was hacked, and nearly if not entirely spoiled, he soon began to make inquiries, to ascertain who had committed it. After interrogating the servants, who answered in the negative, he put the question to George, (who was then but a small

boy), who very readily exclaimed in the affirmative, "I did it, father." The old gentleman seeing the frankness with which his son acknowledged the deed, instead of using severity, immediately clasped him in his arms and kissed him.  
R. W. ALLEN.  
North Malden, Mass., Sept. 22.

## THE MEMORY OF THE DEAD.

"Can this be death, where nought is gone, save breath?" Sweet to the watching is the dawn of day, and, to the weary, sweet its peaceful close—sweet the opening flower, as gently gathers the dew of night upon its tender leaves—sweet the song of birds—the evening breeze—and dear to us the forms of those we love, their voices, and their words; sweet are hopes and pleasant thoughts, and all around us beams a light of joy; yet of life's mingled cup the purest, sweetest drops are gathered from the hand of DEATH—the memory of the dead.

When the first tide of grief which seemed overwhelming us, has ebbed away, then we can raise our eyes to a calmer element, and though, around us, we still behold the floating wreck of our hopes, yet, from above, is poured upon them the glowing light of revelation, assuring us that, even upon these, stricken and torn, shall come a breath of immortality, and they shall live forever. \* \* \* At such a moment how deep, how sweet, the memory of the dead—so still becomes the throbbing heart when faith binds up its wounds. Yet there are moments, when suddenly called to the recollection of our loss, like reopening a fountain of bitterness, we feel that our too feeble trust and resignation are fast falling before the depth of its waters. A tone, falling carelessly upon the ear, may startle us with its treasured sound, so like the voice now hushed forever;—a passing look, a scene rendered familiar to us with the presence of the dear departed, seems, for an instant, to half restore them to us, and we

—almost linger to the feet

That never more our steps shall meet,  
till the unbroken stillness, in its chilling eloquence, dashes the bright vision from us, with the words, "Ye shall go to them, but they shall not return to you." And we weep that never more, by morning light or evening hour, shall they bless our eyes. No sunbeam can awake them, no word of kindness recall them; for around those forms, so dearly prized, mortality has enwrapped its dusty mantle, and we shall see them not again till it be where all is spirit. But would we recall them—recall them from that still repose, from that unutterable glory in which they rest, and bid them walk with us again the troublous pilgrimage of earth—to weep with us its bitter tears, and share its dangers, to watch in fear against its snares, perchance to sin? Would we recall them again to pass the chill, the agony of death? Oh, no; gratefully let them rejoice in the holiness, the bliss of heaven; unmurmuringly leave their dust slumbering in the tomb; for He who will restore, watches it there.

There was one dear to us all, whose life, as a precious blessing, enlivened the past with living fragrance; whose cherished memory still shed a sweetness in our path; and the recollection of whose glorious death, while it blesses with its full consolation, bids us also seek an end like her's, thus rich in bright anticipation, thus beaming with the smile of heaven—the end of all the righteous; for this is but a single star amid the thousands which gem the galaxy of our holy faith.

It was midnight;—and they came who said, that she was leaving us. A voice from "the excellent glory" had whispered "Come away," even now were angels pausing on their radiant wings, waiting to guide the flight of the enfranchised spirit home. We had known that she must die; for a warning came each day and placed its signet on the burning cheek, and lighted up the eye with rays too bright to last, and gave, to the low cough, a tone which sounded as a message from the tomb. She had suffered long, intensely; but now was come the hour for the last agony. With bleeding hearts we gathered around her bed for the painful "adieu." But, in this moment of dread, did she not pause and fear to die? Oh, no;—a Hand which, unseen, supports the dying in their trust, bore her above its darkness, and a Voice, which once soothed the mourners of Judea, saying, "I am the Resurrection and the Life," bade her fear not. Standing upon the verge of that chill, shadowy bourne, thus attended, could there be fear? It was not the entrance of a fearful realm of which, to the soul, was given no chart, and to the bewildered spirit no guide. A bright vision of angels was around her; the burning impress of holy feet had marked its dark path, and the gentle wing of His mercy sheltered her through its sufferings. For her's was not the painless, scarce perceptible release, but it was death in its most dreaded form: death, when it seemed struggling long with life, but the grace which is "stronger than death," raised the frail victim; and although yielded to the sacrifice, crowned it with the blooming hopes of heaven. For, in moments of deepest anguish, we heard her say, unflatteringly, "This, this is death; it will soon be over. How glorious will be that moment, when, free from all this pain, I leave the world to be with my Saviour! You must not weep for me; I am going home!" Deeper, as spread the shades of death, still higher, brighter, rose the light of life; colder, as grew the form we loved, still nearer swelled the hope of glory, till, like a living gem, enclashed in heaven's own beams, she "was no more!"

We stood in silence, in adoration. The gate of heaven had opened there, and closed! Then meekly kneeling upon the holy place, we offered, as from an altar doubly consecrated, an humble prayer for grace, mingled with devout thanksgiving. Oh, then let us say not that thus to leave the world is to die;—'tis but the dawn of life. Though the sun of her existence is hidden from us, yet it has risen upon an

eternal, cloudless sky. Though the body has become a citizen of the tomb—the sister of dampness and decay—yet, say not that our friends are dead, who thus pass from us; but let us say, only—THEY ARE NOT HERE, THEY ARE RISEN!  
Saturday night, Sept. 19th.

## WARREN THEATRE.

Mr. Editor—Passing by the Warren Theatre on Sunday evening last, I was surprised (a) to notice a light in the building. I stopped for a few moments and heard persons in conversation, and a noise similar to the blows of a hammer. Were they preparing for the next evening's exhibition, (b) or what were they doing?

I would wish to ask, Mr. Editor, if you are positive that this Theatre is in operation on temperance principles? (c) For one, I have my well-grounded doubts having seen through the window the bar with all its accompaniments—bottles, decanters, the shape of a man, &c. and visitors thereat.

D.  
Boston, Sept. 30, 1835.

(a) What!—surprised to notice the Devil violating the Sabbath! We should be surprised to learn that he did not.

(b) Probably.

(c) We are "positive" that it is not. The Tremont Theatre professes to be. We doubt whether that operates upon modern total abstinence principles. Perhaps the proprietors reverently follow in the path so often trodden by some of the clergy, who tell us so repeatedly that St. Paul recommended his brother to "use a little wine for the stomach's sake."

## THE FRUIT OF THE VINE.

Mr. Editor—This is a day of inquiry and discussion, and light is breaking forth on all sides. The object of this communication is to lay before your readers a few thoughts on *Sacramental Wine*. The Lord's Supper is, to the Christian, a solemn ordinance, and nothing should be suffered to mar the blessed institution. The "fruit of the vine" was certainly used by our adorable Redeemer, on the last memorable night, when he said, "Drink ye all of it." By the "fruit of the vine," I understand the unfermented, and, of course, unintoxicating juice of the grape. Now if it be essential to the Sacrament to use wine, let it be such as the Saviour used; but if this cannot be obtained, let us have an innocent substitute. I am afflicted when I think how often we have marred the ordinance by fermented, intoxicating wine; wine, which God forbids us to look upon; wine which the Almighty declares to be one of the principal causes of sorrow, contentions, babblings, rage, inflammation, wounds, redness of eyes; wine which, He declares, bites like a serpent, and stings like an adder; wine which, He says, takes away the heart, causes it to utter perverse things, the eyes to behold strange women; makes kings forget the law, and, all who tarry at it, to transgress. Was it such wine as this, which Jesus used, and said, "Drink ye all of it?" Such, as has disgraced patriarchs, ruined prophets, bewitched philosophers, annihilated kingdoms, and cursed the world? I say, I am afflicted at the thought of having used a forbidden article on one of the most solemn occasions known among men.

But what shall be said, what excuse shall be made, or how shall we defend the use of a mere poisonous composition on such occasions, in which not a particle of the juice of the grape can be found? A composition of sour beer, cider, whiskey, alum, and isinglass, colored with logwood or poisonous cochineal, and sweetened with sugar of lead? A good author, and well-informed chemist, says, "Malaga wine, so often used for sacramental purposes, generally consists of alcohol diluted with water, colored with logwood, and sweetened with sugar of lead." A late Temperance Convention in Cincinnati discovered, that what we ordinarily call wine, is a "mere infusion of sour beer and poisonous drugs into a barrel of whiskey!" Does such poison represent the Most PRECIOUS BLOOD OF CHRIST?

Suffer me to say, with the Rev. Shipley W. Willson, "We hope the time has now arrived, when those who 'bear the vessels of the Lord,' will see that they are kept clean from the bane of souls, and that the cup of the Lord is not unwittingly made the chalice of death!"

## RELIGION IN WALES.

OLD SAMMY.  
We give an extract from a letter to the Rev. Dr. Woods, of Andover, communicated for the Boston Recorder—

Feb. 13, 1831. Old Sammy, who is now dead, but yet speaketh, is known in all the churches of South Wales, and even in America, with those persons emigrating from these parts. He was a member at Llanwenarth Baptist church, county of Monmouth; a regular attendant at all the meetings held there, or in the neighborhood; an open-hearted man, loved all, and prayed for all, and called all brethren. Whenever Sammy, either in word or deed or mind, sinned, at the first prayer meeting he would confess the whole publicly, before the Lord. Whenever he heard an eloquent discourse, he would get on his feet, in the middle of a chapel, tears rolling over his venerable cheeks, his wife, who was always at his side, he used to tap on the shoulder, "There, there, hear you what a Saviour we have offered to us! what bread he gives?" And if the preacher's voice was eloquent, or touched "the Death of the Cross," it was enough: old Sam was in his Hymn, and his eloquence was sure of surpassing the preacher. Often he stood up, crying, "Yes, my sister, my brother, his death is sufficient; yes, to clear me of my sins, and it must be to you. Behold, I am a greater sinner than any one of you;" and sometimes would call out, by name, a wavering individual, and say, "Come to him, come to him, instantly." This was an electric spark. The minister was often obliged to cease preaching, but the praises of the people did not cease.

Once his master, the proprietor of extensive Iron Works, complained to Old Sammy, that he was going too often to chapel and meetings, and began to threaten and swear; immediately, when the name of God was uttered, Old Sam took his hat off, and stood trembling before his master, saying, "Sir, stop sir; stop, master on earth. You have a wild fire pent up in you, which the devil has placed there to destroy me; but stop sir; unless you forbear, it is yourself will be burnt. I serve you honestly; but I have another Master I must and will serve. I call on you, sir, to pray with me, that he may take that wild fire from you, and plant another there; the warm fire of the Redeemer's love."—Old Sam sang; his master's earthly master cried; Old Sam sang; his master shook hands, and thanked him; is now a benevolent individual to every Christian cause. (The miners call the light carburetted gas, ignited, of their pits, the wild fire; in Welsh, Taur-guyll.)

These results are no less certain, when viewed in the light of revelation. The Jews were God's peculiar people; but, nevertheless, he could not indulge



## EXTENSIVE PREACHING.

"The habit of preaching extempore is a gift, to be obtained by prayer and strengthened by exercise. The chief obstacles are unbelief, a regard to self, and a fear of man. I believe, my dear friend, if our minds were duly impressed with all the topics of the gospel it would be difficult to study a sermon."

"It was sure that both I and all my auditory were to die and appear before God, the moment I had finished my next sermon, how little should I attend to the minutiae of arrangement and style? My heart would teach my mouth, my thoughts would be weighty, too big, indeed, for words fully to express, yet it is probable they would find the fittest words I was master of, waiting for employment. When you try you will have trepidations and variations. You will speak sometimes much better, and sometimes much worse than you expected beforehand. You will often perceive your own insufficiency; and now and then perhaps your hearers will perceive it likewise. But upon the whole you will get forward; you will preach more pleasantly to yourself and more acceptably to the spiritual and simple part of your hearers. You may sometimes put a sentence out of its proper place, and expose yourself to the notice of little nibbling critics, who make a man an offender for a word; but this you will not greatly mind, if you are successful in winning and edifying souls."—*Newton*.

"She is a charming dancer," I observed. "Yes," replied he, "she understands the philosophy of her art better than any of her contemporaries; it is to throw around sensuality such a coloring of refinement as will divert it of its grossness. For this she is paid a hundred pounds a night and is allowed two benefits in the season, that generally average a thousand pounds each. While you are thus liberal to a dancer, some of the worst of your ministers of religion receive about fifty pounds per annum, for wearing out their lives for the good of your souls; and many of your exalted men of genius are left to starve. Such is the consistency of human nature."—*Mephistophiles*.

A Christian may raise another paradise here below, may have a lower heaven on earth; for this is life eternal, to know thee, and Jesus Christ whom thou hast sent. To know Christ in the evidence of his love revealed to us, and Christ revealed in us, is the very entrance of heaven; for what is the perfection of grace, but the fulness of his knowledge; and what is the consummation of glory, but the blessedness of his fulness? Therefore, Lord, be every day adding to my knowledge, that so at my last day I may be perfect.

The Gambler may read his fate in the following lines:

Three portals had the gambler's cave,  
Their names—HOPE, ENFAMY, THE GRAVE;  
The first the victim's entrance greets,  
And by the others he retreats.

I am an old fashioned man, and plain country Baptist. I have a complaint to make against a class of men whom I highly esteem. Most of the ministers who visit this part of the country, (near the Blue Ridge), indulge themselves in the disgusting practice of spitting tobacco juice around the meeting houses and pulpits in which they preach, so as naturally to disturb me, and almost to destroy my devotion when I go to meeting. This practice is disgusting, filthy, impolite, unkind, and generally displeasing. I am made sick by even thinking enough about it to write. A few days ago a young man preached in our pulpit and I believe he spit as often as once in two minutes during his whole sermon, so that the pulpit floor was as filthy as a stable when he had finished his discourse. The sight and the smell made me sick, and I had no enjoyment that day. A number of ladies said, after meeting, "what a filthy minister we had to-day!" "how often he spits!"—*Rtd. Herold*.

## THE FISHERMAN.

I was some time since walking upon the wharf where a fishing boat lay, and as I was passing and repassing, the master was uttering the most tremendous oaths. At length I turned to him, and standing beside his boat, said—

"Sir, I am unacquainted with your business. What kind of fishes are these?"

He replied, "They are cod-fish."

"How long are you usually out in order to obtain your load?"

"Two or three weeks," was the answer.

"At what price do you sell them?"

He informed me.

"Well, have you not hard work to obtain a living in this way?"

"Yes, hard work," said he.

"I inquired, 'With what do you bait these fish?'"

"With clams,"

"Did you ever catch mackerel?"

"Yes."

"And I suppose you bait them with clams, too?"

"Oh, no," said he, "they will not bite at clams?"

"Then you must have different kinds of bait for different sorts of fish?"

"Yes."

"Well, now, did you ever catch a fish without a bait?"

"Yes," says he, "I was out last year and one day when I was fixing my line, my hook fell into the water, and the fool took hold of it, and I drew him in."

"Now, sir," said I, "I have often thought that Satan was very much like a fisherman. He always baits his hook with the kind of bait which different sorts of sinners like best; but when he would catch a profane swearer, he does not take the trouble to put on any bait at all, for the fool will always bite at the bare hook."

He was silent. His countenance was solemn, and after a moment's pause, as I turned to go away, I heard him say to one standing by him, "I guess that's a minister."—*Christian Mirror*.

As the rivers which flow from the sea run back again into the sea; so those blessings which come from God, must always be employed for God. What I have received from him in mercy, he must have it back again in his glory. Therefore, Lord! whatever I enjoy, let me find thee in it, and serve thee in it.

I have a precious soul, shall I lose it for a lust? I have a gracious God, shall I venture him for a sin? No, I will always reject that for which I am sure to lose my peace, likely to lose my soul.

IRISH SERMON.  
The following sketch of a sermon preached near Sligo, is copied from Bernard's Retrospections.

"My dear children. You know that I have been your Father, and comforter, and Confessor, these six and twenty years next Feast of the Virgin; and you know what trouble I've had in keeping Satan from taking hold of your souls. Ay, you may well look glum, but you are mighty sure, every son of Adam amongst you, that I have worked hard enough. But you will never leave off your abominable tricks? What! You think you sin as you place the whole week long, and come to rest for absolution at the end of it! Then I shall tell you what, my darlings—you want get it. Arrah now, Pat Maloney, why did you cock your eye on the pulpit just then? I didn't say I meant you;—but now you'll give me leave to suppose so. And you Philip O'Shughnessy—you are making a great bother with your nose and throat, as if you had a big cold; wait a bit, darling! I'll come to you presently, and mind if I don't tickle your rotten countenance to some tune!"

Does any one know Judy Bryant? Oh, to be sure, every body knows poor Judy; and yet I dare say some of you will pretend to tell me that you never heard or saw such a creature in all your born days. Now, couldn't poor Judy hang her blanket out to dry

—her only blanket, on her own palms, but that the Devil must put it into the heads of certain persons, whom I have at this moment in my eye, to take a fancy to the same? Well, Murdock O'Donnel, I didn't say it was you did it, although you do look so fidgety and flustered; nor you, Barney O'Shane; but you remember I said I had the person in my eye, do you? And you Meggy Flanagan—you can't sit any in your seat either; yet who would suspect you, that have got a comfortable home, and your husband Teddy one of the best cobblers in the county? He now depended on his voice, and threw into his manner a very impressive solemnity. "Remember what I have said, my children! Poor Judy Bryant has lost her blanket! I have the big thud before me that stowed it; and if it's not returned to her before to-morrow morning I'll have nothing more to do with him in this world or the next."

The terrific yell which was now sent forth by the children, drove us forth from the chapel; but with the impression on our minds, that the being who could thus combine the duties of the spiritual and the civil magistrate was deserving in the highest degree of the public esteem; for, however Philosophy might cavil at the means employed, Justice was benefited by the ends he obtained.

QUALIFICATIONS OF A FOOTMAN.—A person advertising for a footman in a London paper, gives the following specification of the qualifications required in the article wanted.

"Wanted immediately, as footman, a respectable and well educated man; he must understand the dead languages and speak most of the living ones fluently. He will be expected to wait at table with decorum, to clean the knives and forks, and attend to a horse and gig. He must be of a grave and serious deportment, help the girls to make the beds, and play with the children!"

## ZION'S HERALD.

BOSTON, WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1835.

## MOBOCRACY—YET AGAIN.

We write upon this important subject not as an Abolitionist—not as a Colonizationist—but as a FREEMAN—a freeman of REPUBLICAN AMERICA. In that character we say before God, if the public press does not alter its tone, the result will be universal ruin. Is it to be expected that any true-blooded American will submit to have iron manacles placed by popular despotism upon his intellect? The time has not yet arrived when such an impious desecration is to transpire. IT HAS NOT YET ARRIVED. And—mark us—when that time does come, the terrific scenes of revolution will come with it. We say this without the power to look into the womb of futurity, and to read the embryo history of another generation. It is the product of common sense, and all past observation. This is the only comment we shall make upon the following mob-creating extracts:—

[From the Charleston Courier.]

A recent Southerner has made his appearance under the signature of "Hieronymus," in the *New-York Journal of Commerce*, whose object seems to be to break ground in favor of ultimate abolition. This writer quotes the fact of the recent burning in effigy of Garrison, Cox, and Tappan, in this city. We ourselves witnessed the occurrence of the *minnie* fact, and doubt not the REAL TRAGEDY would be consummated on the part of these miscreants, could they only be brought within catching distance.

Not a word of disapproval!

[From the Columbia (S.C.) Telescope.]

Let us declare, through the public journals of our country, that the question of Slavery is not, and shall not be, open to discussion—that the system is as rooted among us, and MUST REMAIN FOREVER—that the very mention of any private individual attempts to lecture us upon its evils and immorality, and the necessity of putting means in operation to secure us from them, in the same manner HIS TONGUE SHALL BE CUT OUT and cast upon the dunghill.

The Philadelphia Times, a paper opposed to the movements of Abolitionists, and equally opposed to mobocratic misrule, and the attempts now making to shackle the mind, thus humorously writes:—

We would propose the following as the substance of a Pennsylvania law on the subject.

1. Whoever shall assert that error of opinion may safely be tolerated when reason is left free to combat it, shall be condemned to four years confinement at hard labor in the Penitentiary.

2. Whoever shall repeat or print that clause of the Pennsylvania Constitution, which declares, that "the free communication of thoughts and opinions is one of the invaluable RIGHTS of man," shall be condemned to ten years imprisonment.

3. Whoever shall declare that all men are born free and equal, shall be imprisoned for life.

4. Whoever shall re-publish any statement from Southern newspapers, concerning the treatment of any masters or mistresses towards their slaves, shall be HUNG.

4. Whoever shall re-publish Jefferson's Notes on Virginia, or the debates in the Virginia or Kentucky Legislatures, on the subject of slavery, shall be LYNNCHED.

Such a law would be a compliance with the spirit of the Federal Constitution, which would prove very satisfactory to the friends of strict construction.—*Philadelphia Times*.

Is the Catholic Sentinel asleep, or has it howled itself hoarse, that we hear nothing of the true Church? Should politics, romances, and love tales be the only interesting topics of a defender of the faith?

The following are the sums offered to any one who will kidnap Arthur Tappan, and carry him south. It is said that men are in New York now for this very purpose:—At Charleston, S. C., \$20,000; New Orleans, \$20,000; Macon, Ga., \$10,000; Norfolk, \$6,000; and in several other States, different sums, making in the aggregate upwards of one hundred thousand dollars.

## ERRATA.

Wronsocket, Sept. 26, 1835.

BROTHER KINGSBURY.—In reading the obituary notice of Joel Boyden, as published in the Herald, I observed some capital mistakes made by you, which I wish to have corrected. Instead of "before the succeeding Sabbath," have it read "before the clock told the midnight hour on the succeeding Sabbath." For he died late Sabbath evening. Instead of "Adin Ballou," have it read "Rev. Adin Ballou." Instead of joining his Church in March, he joined it in June. Instead of the article being written by me, it was written by another hand, but you have attached my name to it without any authority.

H. CEMMINGS.

[From our Eastern Correspondent.]

BANGOR, Sept. 27, 1835.

DEAR BROTHER.—There has been much curiosity among the inhabitants of this place, for two or three days past, to see and hear Mr. Webster, who is this way to view some premises at Oldtown, respecting which there is a law suit, which Mr. Webster is engaged in as counsel. A dinner was given him to-day, and, about five o'clock, at the call of the citizens, Mr. Webster presented himself in front of the Bangor House, and addressed them in a manner which could not have disappointed their high expectations. After expressing his sense of their hospitality and attentions, he alluded to the rapid growth of the city, and its increasing importance, and said that, in his youth, he had been attracted by the evident great advantages of its location, and that it could number, at that time, but eleven or twelve houses. He spoke of the prospects of the State of Maine, of its abundant resources,—its woodland, its rivers, its great extent of sea-coast, and its commodious harbors. He made some fine remarks upon the resources of our whole country, and

upon the importance of internal improvement. After interesting us in these subjects fifteen or twenty minutes, he changed his theme, and alluded to a sentiment which had been given at the table respecting his efforts to sustain the constitution. Immediately on entering upon this subject, his manner which had been, though eloquent, calm, reflective, and gentlemanly, was changed,—not that he was under the influence of an undignified excitement—but his whole soul was engaged. The constitution had, he thought, two objects in view; the preservation of the union of the States, and the imposition of proper restraints and limitations upon men in power. It is too late for me to attempt a sketch of what he said under the two heads which these furnished him with. I will just mention one remark, under the second head, which struck me. We are very prone, especially under certain circumstances—as during times of high party excitement—to substitute confidence in men for a dependence upon the restraints upon power imposed by the constitution. If we have no other security in the administration of government than the good intentions of frail and mutable men, it will be gone when these good intentions are changed. He closed with the following sentiment, which, I think, worthy of being retained in the memory of every American citizen:—

Civil Liberty. Its only security is constitutional restraint upon political power.  
Yours, &c. N.

REV. CHARLES K. TRUE, Principal of the Amenia Seminary, in the State of New York, received the degree of A. M. at the recent Commencement at Harvard College.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## NO. XIII.

"Danger of being Over-wise. A sermon preached June 7th, 1835, in the Second Presbyterian Church in Albany; by William B. Sprague, D. D., Pastor of the said Church."

We now proceed to consider our third position,—that alcohol, in the present condition of public sentiment, is offensive at the Lord's table, and therefore the employment of fermented wine, at this holy festival, is productive of "painful associations, by which our communion is embarrassed and embittered."

Dr. Sprague will pardon us, we trust, for this employment of his own words, which so forcibly express the feelings of many sincere and devoted Christians. We have shown, in the first place, that *unfermented* juice of the grape is "the fruit of the vine;" and, in the second place, that if *fermented* wine was used at the original institution of the eucharist, its continued employment is not *essential*, at the present day, to a just performance of the rite. If we have failed in sustaining either the first or second position, it will be worse than needless to argue for that which is now under consideration.

The concentrated voice of the friends of temperance, the result of free discussion and grave deliberation, in several recent conventions, remarkable for the wisdom, and learning, and talents of the individual members, has proclaimed to the world, in the most unequivocal manner, and with wonderful unanimity, that the total abandonment of all intoxicating drinks is essential to the complete success of the temperance reform. Numerous societies, at home and abroad, recognize this principle of action. Medical and sacramental occasions have been hitherto excepted, by many, from this general rule. In relation to the first, there is much diversity of opinion. One professor of the healing art, an "ardent friend" of temperance, perhaps, and marvellously popular withal, is so lavish in his prescription of alcoholic restoratives, and "only as a medicine," that an application for his counsel, with the customary catalogue of symptoms, is precisely equivalent to a civil request for a course of Brandy and Madeira. And his prescription is a professional indulgence for the perpetration of the agreeable sin. Another professor, a conscientious cold-water man, prescribes alcohol, if ever, only to those "who are ready to perish." We recognize the wisdom of the Female Temperance Society of Sandy Hill, whose members, "ex abundanti cautela," except not the prescription of a physician, but of "a temperate physician."

The second exception embraces the whole scope of the present controversy; and, assuredly, if *fermented* wine be not *essential* at the communion, no good reason can be given, for excepting the sacramental use of wine from the general proscription. We believe *alcohol*, in every form, to be a poison and a curse. We have excluded it, in no small degree, from the society of the parlor, and shall our communion be any longer embarrassed and embittered, by its offensive presence at the table of our Lord? But the question,—it is so little! Let us not forget that a little leaven leaveneth the whole lump. Let us not forget that no sensible reason can exist for its employment, in any quantity, instead of an innocent beverage, if we have proved, that it is not *essential*. What security has the Church universal, against such grievous excesses, as existed among the Corinthians? Who has not occasionally noted, with a feeling of sorrow and chagrin, the deep guttural pation! When the ministering officer, whether priest or deacon, has, again and again, replenished the exhausted chalice, how often have we thought of the words of Henry—"It is food for the soul only;—a very little, as much as will serve for a sign, is enough. No bodily repast is intended; to preface it with such a thing is to revive Mores again."

But it is said, we are not Corinthians; in this enlightened age, we can be in no possible danger. The measure of that danger may be very slight, in certain religious societies; but this is a matter of universal operation. All professing Christians are interested in a just decision. Temptations to error should certainly be avoided; and if any one believes that the presence of *fermented* wine, as a constituent part of this holy festival, has presented no temptation to convert the ordinance itself into a bacchanalian scene, since the days of the Corinthians; we beg him to peruse a statement, which we will spare ourselves the pain of recapitulating here, and which may be found in vol. 2, of Dr. Gregory's Letter's, page 63, 4th ed.: London, 1822,—and also in a note at the close of the second chapter of Bickersteth's Treatise on the Lord's Supper, edited by Rev. G. T. Bedell.

Small as the quantity may be, which is ordinarily received, it has been occasionally productive of the most deplorable effects. Let us briefly recite a fact within the compass of our own knowledge. We had heard the story of a church member, who had been admonished for his irregularities, joined the Temperance Society, and continued faithful to his pledge, for twelve months, fell

"I have no hesitation," says Dr. Lindsay in his prize essay, page 135, "in asserting, that there is no state of the system, however exhausted or enfeebled,—no species of malady, however obstinate or unyielding,—no case of disease, however dangerous or appalling, in which ardent spirit is indispensably necessary, and in which a substitute, perfectly equal to all the exigencies of the case, cannot easily be found."

"It is the sacred duty of every one, exercising the profession of medicine," says Professor Chapman of Philadelphia, "to unite with the moralist, the divine, and the economist, in discouraging the consumption of these baneful articles, and as the first step in the scheme of reformation, to discountenance the popular notion of their remedial efficacy."

"Often," says Professor Mussey, Prize Essay, page 60, "have I witnessed, in fits of distressing prostration, joined sometimes with great irritability of the nerves, both during and after the subsidence of the severity of acute disease, a far more refreshing and invigorating effect from sponging the head, body and limbs with simple cold water, or weak warm soap suds, followed by gentle friction, than from any doses of spirit, wine, or porter I have ever seen administered."

back into his former courses, and became a wretched drunkard. There was so much of interest in this unhappy man, that we sought and obtained an interview. He bore the marks and numbers of intemperance, but was perfectly sober at the early hour, which we had purposely selected for the interview. His intemperance was of that species, in which there was *meliora interalla*. After a week or fortnight of excess, he would attend to his ordinary duties, with diligence. We told him that we were desirous of hearing his story from his own lips; that we were not actuated by a motive of mere curiosity; but were desirous, without any exposure of his name before the world, of making a profitable use of his experience, for the benefit of his fellow men. With some reluctance, he commenced a narrative of his life, and we never shall forget the apparent anguish, with which he recounted that particular portion of his history, which we now repeat, almost, as we believe, in his own words, and as we noted them down immediately after his departure.—"My first common or daily drink," said he, "was ale or porter and water, and occasionally wine. As I increased my allowance, I weakened the powers of my stomach. 'A little brandy, but more particularly gin, seemed to restore me wonderfully. The habit fairly got the mastery over me, and at last I lost all self-restraint. I had been a member of Rev. Mr. —'s church for seven years, and my wife had been a professor of religion two years longer. One evening I received a note from our minister, requesting me to call upon him the next morning at a particular hour. I knew there had been a meeting of the church, which I did not attend, and I began to mistrust, that I might have exposed myself. I asked my wife what she thought the minister wanted me for. She looked very sober and said nothing. It disturbed me all night; however I went, at the time appointed, and found our minister with deacon —, who hastened off and left us together. The minister told me, with great kindness, but very plainly, that some of the church had been in favor of cutting me off from the communion, but that he had majestically inclined to mercy, and that he had been requested to admonish me, and to assure me, that, if I did not immediately reform, I should be excommunicated. He then gave me a solemn talk, and with tears in his eyes,—in about a month from that time I joined the Temperance Society. I drank nothing but water, for twelve months; but I had not the courage to go to the communion, during this period; for my craving for drink was so strong, that, even then, I was afraid I should some day break my pledge, and I had a feeling, that I should only aggravate my sin, by going to the Lord's table; and I did not wish to bring any fresh scandal on the church. However, after I had abstained from all intoxicating drink for more than a year, my wife said so much about the example before the children, and the duty of returning to the table, that I consented. At that time, I felt pretty well able to resist all temptation to drink strong drink of any kind, and I was certainly better in health. I went to the communion. I thought my mind was in a proper frame.—But the first instant that I tasted that wine, my relish returned for intoxicating drink, in a manner that I cannot describe. I felt like a beast, that had been once tamed, but having gotten a taste of blood, has become as savage as before. As we walked home, my wife asked me if I did not feel happier. I made no reply, which she probably attributed to the solemnity of my feelings.—Before I signed the pledge, we kept a small liquor case in an open parlor closet. I told my wife she had better lock it up and put it out of the way. She placed it in a chamber closet.—No sooner had we reached home, than I stole privately to that chamber and locked the door behind me. I soon found the key of the closet. I burst off the lock of the liquor case with my screw-driver, and the whole world went tumbling to try again."—Such was the tale of this unhappy man; and we regret, that we have no power of exalting to our readers the deep emotion, with which he was convulsed, while he related the concluding portion of this narrative.

This, it will be said, is a rare occurrence. Most probably it is so. Suppose it to be a solitary case, though we are credibly informed that it is not; nevertheless we inquire, who can measure the mischief, which *consecrated* alcohol, in this single instance, has brought upon one poor family—upon one immortal soul! If there are some, whose confidence in their own strength is equal even to the confidence of Peter, perchance their fortune and their fall may be the same.—We say then, that, as wine is not *essential* to the rite, it has become *offensive* to the moral sense, at the table of the Lord.

Let us suppose, that a certain member of a community has been long and notoriously the minister of so much mischief and misery to his fellow citizens, that if not expelled from general society by common consent, he has become an object of detestation to very many of the wise and good. Nevertheless we are destined to pass an hour in this man's society once every month, in the house and at the very table of our best friend; nay more, we are compelled to take him by the hand, and give him a public testimonial of our affectionate respect, whom elsewhere we treat with coldness and contempt. Let us suppose, that, while we are striving to rid ourselves of this odious being, by whose presence our relation to this best of friends is embarrassed and embittered, we should be told by a grave and reverend personage, that, if the presence of this disgusting creature is not *essential* to a continuance of our relation to this dearest of friends, by the very conditions of our friendship, he knows not what is! Can any thing be imagined more monstrous and absurd! No one, we presume, can fail to understand the application of this analogy.

When it was first proposed to comprehend wine as well as ardent spirits in the temperance pledge, we were told, that a clergyman, who was altogether opposed to the measure, affirmed that he who denounced the use of wine, offered an insult to the memory of his Redeemer. In this very observation, which received a sympathetic response from various quarters, we discover an additional reason for the opinion, that *fermented* wine is *offensive* at the table of our Lord; inasmuch, as by its continued employment there, not a few, who search the Scriptures for no wretched purpose, affect to justify the use of it, upon ordinary occasions.—The habit of drinking wine at their own tables is frequently and familiarly justified, by the usage at the table of Christ; and even irreligious men are continually eating it in their teeth, that our Lord has made wine an *essential*, at the holiest of festivals. This will remain as an obstacle in our path, until the churches, in the language of Addison, "*dare to have sense*," themselves, and reject every species of alcoholic liquor from the holy communion.—In the days of our youth, we have seen ministers of the gospel, with big wigs, slipping their wine at weddings, and entering into all the little gossip of the day; and this, forsooth, because our Lord wrought the miracle at Cana. Those reverend men, who continue this practice at the present day, are very apt to refer to this favorite precedent.—It is all right.—Our blessed Saviour did it.—It is *essential*.—If wine be not *essential* to a wedding, by the very conditions of the ordinance, we know not what is! In our opinion, this language is just as applicable here, as it is in relation to the communion.

But our Saviour did other things; he made the greatest of all possible sacrifices for mankind. In all things agreeable to our natures, we delight, not only to follow, but to outrun the example of Christ. We even twist, and distort, and crucify the words of holy writ, that we may wring from them a little *fermented* wine; but we are not so ready to crucify our appetites and passions, and take up the cross, and go about doing good, in the spirit of our meek and lowly Master.

We will say a word only of the wine of Cana. The object of the miracle was the manifestation of God's power,

Heaven and earth were not moved and a stupendous miracle wrought, for the sole purpose of supplying a deficiency of wine, at the wedding of a poor family. And was that wine fermented? Before we use a precedent, we must establish a precedent. Wine-bibbers *guess* it was *fermented*. We *guess* it was not. In point of fact, it was new wine, for it was then just made. The omnipotence of God can make all things; but we know that new wine was as common a beverage, in those days, as new cider is at the present day. What reason then exists for supposing that Christ, who commands us to avoid the effects of the free use of wine, i. e. "drunkenness," would place the means of drunkenness so abundantly in the power of a promiscuous assembly, by furnishing a copious supply of alcoholic wine?—But the governor of the feast expressed his approbation of this wine; and therefore, according to the taste of certain lay and clerical connoisseurs, it must have been a strong alcoholic wine. But how is it known, that the taste of this governor of the feast was as depraved, as vitiated as that of a modern wine drinker, who prefers a racy, alcoholic liquor to the unfermented juice, which, we know, was customarily pressed forth from the grapes, into the cup of Pharaoh? It is not our purpose, to say more of the miracle of Cana.—Deeply indeed it is to be deplored, that the very army of the Lord should be ransacked for weapons, by those who seem not to be engaged on the side of righteousness and truth. We have heard an eloquent metropolitan divine, most comfortably set for the defence of the gospel, quoting Scripture in defence of the temperate use of wine; and, with our own ears, we have heard a notorious drunkard exclaiming, as he reeled in front of a grog shop, *Strong drink for those that are ready to perish!*

THEOPHILUS.

IS IT TRUE?—The Christian Spectator, published at New Haven, says that the watch-crier of Methodists has been, "A way with books and education, and let the Lord send us ministers who have graduated in the third heaven."

It is unnecessary for us to deny the charge. The history of Methodism, now before the world, is a standing retutation of it.

It is with regret, and sorrow of heart, that we see a Methodist Conference appoint an agent to further such a cause, forming also an Abolition Society, as if they had for the first time opened their Bibles on their excellent places of the first time. Had they, in the place of such an agent, sent a pious man, with a Bible in his hand, to preach salvation to the Southern blacks, then we would wish them *God speed*.—*Pittsburgh Conference Journal*.

Brother Elliott will allow us to correct him. If he refers to the agency of Rev. George Storrs, of the New England Conference, he was not appointed by the Conference, but by the American Anti-Slavery Society. The former body voted to leave him without an appointment at his own request.

## THE ANCIENT LANDMARK.

We beg leave to refer the Preachers, and People generally, to Rev. B. Otheman's letter, published in the Herald a few weeks since. The suggestions contained in it, are of paramount importance. The peculiarities of Methodism are, under God, her vitality. Take away leaven-ferments—allow classes to become a matter of form—and let the Quarterly Meetings be regarded as useless accumbrances, and where is the Church distinctively?

The Methodist Episcopal Church must return to first principles. We say—and sorry are we to do it—"she must return." She has been silently, slowly, sliding off the platform reared by the fathers, and cemented by the salt tears of excommunicating suffering.

But do you suppose the economy of the Church unimprovable? No. We believe it can be, ought to be, and will be, amended, as the varying circumstances of succeeding generations may demand. But this we also say—certain principles, which make us Methodists in distinction from every other denomination, should be untouched. They are sacred.

The Presiding Elder of the Boston District, is about commencing his second tour. Let us rub the dust from our ancient landmarks, polish the "old things," and show him, and all concerned, that we are determined to stand by PRIMITIVE METHODISM.

Since writing the above we have received the following from Rev. B. Otheman:—

## BOSTON DISTRICT.

DEAR BROTHER.—We have just completed our Quarterly Meetings for the first quarter. And although we have abundant cause for gratitude that our societies in general remain steadfast and immovable, and that in some places there is an unusual interest after the mind of Christ, (and in one of our societies, Church Street station, Boston, an almost constant reformation and enlargement,) and although many if not all our ministers appear to be in the spirit of their station, yet it is with deep regret that we have to record the moral decay, that religion and the Methodist is low, very low on this District. It affords us, however, great relief, amidst the surrounding gloom, to perceive that the conviction has almost universally prevailed, both among our preachers, travelling and local, and among our people too, that the only way, under God, to remedy the evils existing, and to revive religion in its power and excellency, is to restore ancient landmarks, and to give the invaluable institutions of our church their former elevated situation. Only let our preachers give a practical illustration of the instructions given to those who have the charge of circuits—the stewards and class leaders faithfully attend to the duties of their respective offices, and with their ministers make a united effort to adopt measures to carry out rules into effect, particularly the one respecting class meetings—let our Quarterly Conferences enlist the interest, and as they should do, witness the punctual attendance of all their members—and our love feasts be held according to Discipline—and instead (as alas! in too many instances it is now) by a small part of the members of the church being present, the whole of the greater part together—let our Quarterly Meeting occasions be regarded and attended as extraordinary means of grace, as they were originally designed,—then would the glory of our Zion appear, and it become practically demonstrated that Methodism is not a mere word, for a revival of "pure and undefiled religion."

Yours in love, B. OTHEMAN.

Charlestown, Oct. 1, 1835.

[From our Correspondent.]

A Sabbath among the New England Hills.—New England Scenery.—The English Delegates at the North Wilbraham Camp Meeting.—Dr. Codman.

DEAR BROTHER.—My last was dated Springfield. The following Sabbath I spent in a neighboring little village, the former scene of my ministerial labors. It is







ng, | METHODIST S. S. BOOKS and TRACTS constan  
hrs | on hand. | Sept. 3



## Poetry.

## "WAKE UP," CRIES THE VOICE.

The following version in English of the popular and beautiful German hymn, "Wachet auf, ruft uns die Stimme"—Wake up, cries the voice—has been kindly furnished to us by the translator. He prepared it originally for the Church Harmony.—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Zion rise! resounds with power  
The watchman's voice from lofty tower;  
"Awake, Jerusalem!" he cries;  
"Midnight comes," is heard in chorus  
"Of thousand tongues in tones sonorous  
Behold, the bridegroom's night;  
Your lamps with oil supply!  
Hallelujah!

With joy prepare for your reward,  
And hasten forth to hail your Lord."

Zion hears the watchmen's voices,  
In glad surprise she now rejoices,  
And wakeful waits without delay.  
Lo, in pomp her Friend descending,  
Resistless truth and grace attending!  
The light has come, her glorious day.  
"All earthly crowns are thine,  
Thou Son of God divine,

Receive us then—  
Thy followers, O receive us, Lord,  
Partakers at Thy heavenly board."

"Praise and thanks to thee be given,  
From men and angels, earth and heaven,  
With songs of sweet, celestial sound.  
Pearly gates unfold before us,  
We haste to join thy eternal chorus  
Of angel bands, the throne around.  
Faint souls hath ne'er perceived,  
Nor creature mind conceived  
Heavenly pleasures.  
Farwell, then, earth, thou vale of night,  
We're come where smiles eternal light."

[From the New York Weekly Messenger.]

## THE CRUCIFIXION.

Midnight at noon on Calvary's height,  
Though clouds, nor tempests o'er it roll:  
How should the sun diffuse its light,  
While darkness fills the Saviour's soul?

Alone! Why comes no angel band,  
Instant, their suffering Lord to aid?  
Forbidden? Must no soothing hand  
Upon his tortured brow be laid?

Ay, none. Behold thy Father's eye  
Averted, dying One, from thee:  
He feels it. Hark! his bitter cry  
Why—"why hast thou forsaken me?"

Appalling scene! Dread sacrifice!  
Of late, on Heaven's eternal Throne,  
Worshipped by myriads; now, he dies  
Upon the cross—deserted—lone.

My soul! my soul! that heart divine,  
Endured for thee, such fearful gloom:  
That too, that guilt, those tears, were thine  
Eternal, overwhelming doom.

Saved from its curse, what grief should prove  
Thy penitence for every sin;  
And oh! with what absorbing love,  
Thy holier life should now begin.

LINCOLN.

## Biographical.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

## ELIZABETH GURNEY.

It has pleased Almighty God to take unto Himself the soul of our departed sister. She finished her earthly pilgrimage on the 14th instant at Sandwich, Massachusetts, aged 53 years. Her last sickness was but short, (four or five days), but peace, hope, and joy, crowned her exit. The herald of salvation always found a home where she dwelt, and was never, by her, looked upon as a stranger. She loved our Zion; was a mother in Israel; a peace-maker; a faithful wife, and a true friend of the friendless.

She desired no higher title than that of *Christian*. But—

"A Christian is the highest style of man;  
And is there who the cross wipes off,  
As a foul blot from his dishonored brow?  
If angels tremble—'tis at such a sight."

O! how solemn, how sacred is the place where the Christian meets his fate.

"Hence ye profane."—Stand back Infidelity: for what hast thou to do with a dying Christian? On his tablet is not inscribed the Infidel words, "Eternal Sleep." No—though he dies, yet shall he live. "Jesus is precious;" were among some of the last expressions of our dying sister.

JOSEPH MASH.

Sandwich, Mass., Sept. 26, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Malden, Mass., Sept. 15, 1835, Mr. OLIVER LORD, aged 27 years. Brother Lord was born in Lynn, Me., at which place he experienced the pardon of his sins, when only 10 years of age.

Br. L. was a consistent and exemplary Christian. He loved the church of his choice, and especially her doctrines and usages. His fondness for reading the Scriptures was such, that for some months previous to his exit, he usually devoted one hour, at least, every night before he retired, in reading them, and much of this time was spent on his knees.

R. W. ALLEN.

North Malden, Sept. 24.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Died in Windham, Connecticut, on the 2d instant, Mrs. ABIGAIL PERKINS, in the 76th year of her age. Sister Perkins, like too many others, neglected to "first seek the kingdom of God and his righteousness." The Divine Spirit, however, continued to call after her, till, at length, when far advanced in life, she cherished His holy, convincing influence, and yielded to be "saved by grace, through faith" in Christ, the great Sacrifice for sin. This was in the 64th year of her earthly existence. She soon after associated herself with what is denominated the Christian Church. But, in consequence of the subsequent conversion of her pastor to the delusive, anti-scriptural, and soul-destroying doctrine of unconditional salvation, that branch of the church with which she united, was disorganized, and most of its members were scattered to the four winds of heaven. Sister Perkins was one of the wise few, who maintained her integrity, and "held fast the form of sound words."

About two years since, she connected herself with the M. E. Church in this place, of which she continued an acceptable and worthy member, till she was removed to the glorious habitation of the just on high.

She was blessed with the perfect use of her mental faculties to the last. She appeared to be perfectly patient, and resigned to the Divine will—said she had no doubts, no fears—felt prepared by grace, and more than willing to die. In this peaceful and happy frame of mind, she bid a final and eternal adieu to earthly scenes.

M. DWIGHT.

Williamian, Sept. 23d, 1835.

FOR ZION'S HERALD.

Mrs. REBECCA DAVIS, wife of Mr. George W. Davis of Derry, N. H., left this world in prospect of heaven, Sept. 3d, 1835, in the 20th year of her age.

She is said to have become the subject of a gracious change at the age of 15, and for a season to have remained steadfast in the faith of the gospel; but, unhappily for her, like too many when they leave a pious father's house, and the more immediate watch-care of their spiritual relation, and become connected with such as have no experience or faith in practical Christianity, she gradually inhaled the spirit and sentiment of her new associates, until she found herself quite disqualified for the song of Zion.

But the time is short. She became the subject of adversity, and a voice said, "Consider!" She did so, and literally and spiritually returned to her father's house, at both of which she met with a hearty welcome.

In the very chamber where her brother William had just met his fate, forty miles from her earthly but quite on the verge of her heavenly home, she took her position and quietly and peacefully waited till her change came; and then her spirit, freed from clay, retired to rest.

May her dying mantle fall on him to whom she gave her youthful hand, and for whose good she offered her latest prayer.

A. BISNEY.

Lynn, Sept., 1835.

## Miscellaneous.

## HONESTY OF LABOR AND ITS REWARD.

In the 4th of July Oration of Hon. EDWARD EVERETT, we find the following valuable letter, and its accompanying remarks:—

"I quote a sentence from it, in spite of the homeliness of the details, for which I like it the better, and because I wish to set before you, not an ideal hero, wrapped in cloudy generalities and a mist of vague panegyric, but the real, identical man, with all the peculiarities of his life and occupation. 'Your letter,' says he, 'gave me the more pleasure, as I received it among barbarians, and an uncouth set of people. Since you received my letter of October last, I have not slept above three or four nights in a bed; but after walking a good deal all day, I have lain down before the fire, upon a little hay, straw, fodder, or a bear skin, whichever was to be had; with man, wife, and children, like dogs and cats; and happy is he who gets the berth nearest the fire. Nothing would make it pass off tolerably, but a good reward. A doubleloon is my constant gain every day that the weather permits my going out, and sometimes six pistoles. The coldness of the weather will not allow of my making a long stay, as the lodging is rather too cold for the time of the year. I have never had my clothes off, but have lain and slept in them, except the few nights I have been in Fredericksburg.'—If there is an individual in the morning of life, in this assembly, who has not yet made his choice between the flowery path of indolence, and the rough ascent of honest industry—if there is one who is ashamed to get his living by any branch of honest labor—let him reflect, that the youth who was carrying the theodolite and surveyor's chain through the mountain passes of the Alleghenies, in the month of March, sleeping on a bundle of hay, before the fire, in a settler's log cabin, and not ashamed to boast that he did it, for his doubleloon a day, is George Washington—that the life he led trained him up to command the armies of United America—that the money he earned was the basis of that fortune, which enabled him afterwards to bestow his services, without reward, on a bleeding and impoverished country!"

"For three years was the young Washington employed, the greater part of the time, and whenever the season would permit, in this laborious and healthful occupation; and I know not if it would be deemed unbecoming, were a thoughtful student of our history to say, that he could almost hear the voice of Providence, in the language of Milton, announce its high purpose:—

"To exercise him in the wilderness:—  
There he shall first lay down the rudiments  
Of his great warfare, ere I send him forth  
To conquer!"

HORRIBLE MODE OF TORTURE AND EXECUTION AT MONTVIDEO.—It is related of them that they sew up their prisoners in a wet hide, leaving out the head and neck only; and in this condition lay them on the ground in the sun to dry. In the process of drying, which the hide soon does in the powerful effects of the sun, it becomes contracted, and produces the most excruciating tortures on the unfortunate prisoner by the increase of pressure; but if night arrives before he dies from its effects, the hide relaxes again with the moisture from the air, only to prolong his sufferings on the next day, which is generally the last. So cruel a death is even worse than that which the boa constrictor can inflict, and the invention of it is said to belong to a barbarian named Ramirez.—*Voyage of H. M. S. Chanticleer.*

HORRIBLE PUNISHMENT OF AN ASSASSIN.—The following thrilling account of the execution of Robert Francis Daniels, in the winter of 1757, we take from the London Monthly Review of the same year. Daniels had attempted the assassination of King Louis XV. of France, from motives prompted by religious enthusiasm, and nurtured by the enemies of that prince. After undergoing mechanical torture, until the "Ministers of Justice" had wrung from him the names of his accomplices, he was stripped for execution. But let us quote from the Review:—

When Daniels was stripped, it was observed, that he surveyed and considered all his body and limbs with attention, and that he looked round with firmness on the vast concourse of spectators.

Towards five o'clock he was placed on the scaffold which had been erected in the middle of the inclosed area, and was raised about three feet and a half from the ground; the length from eight to nine feet, and of about the same breadth. The criminal was instantly tied, and afterwards fastened by iron gyves, which

confined him under the arms, and above the thighs. The first torment he underwent, was that of having his hand burnt in the flame of brimstone—the pain of which made him send forth such a terrible cry as might be heard a great way off.

A moment afterwards he raised his head, and looked earnestly at his hand, without renewing his cries, and without expressing any passion, or breaking out into any imprecation. To this first torment succeeded that of pinching him with red hot pincers, in the arms, thighs and breasts. At each pinch he was heard to shriek, in the same manner as when his hand was burnt. He looked and gazed at each wound, and his cries ceased as soon as the pinching was over. They afterwards poured boiling oil, and melted lead and resin, into every wound, except those of the breast, which produced, in all those circumstances, the same effect as the two first tortures. The tenor of his articulated exclamations, at times, was as follows:—"Strengthen me, Lord God! strengthen me!—Lord God, have pity on me!—O Lord, my God, what do I not suffer!—Lord God, give me patience!"

At length they proceeded to the ligation of his arms, legs and thighs, in order to dismember him. This preparation was very long and painful, the cords straightly tied, bearing grievously upon the fresh wounds. This drew new cries from the sufferer; but did not hinder him from viewing and considering himself with a strange and singular curiosity.

The horses having been put to the draught, the pulls were repeated for a long time, with frightful cries on the part of the sufferer; the extension of whose members was incredible, and yet nothing gave signs of the dismemberment taking place.

In spite of the straining efforts of the horses, which were young and vigorous, and, perhaps, too much so, being the more restive and unmanageable for drawing in concert, this last torment had now lasted for more than an hour, without any prospect of its ending. The physician and surgeon certified to the commissaries, that it was almost impossible to accomplish the dismemberment, if the action of the horses was not aided by cutting the principal sinews, which might, indeed, suffer a length of extension, but not be separated without an amputation. Upon this attestation the commissaries sent an order to the executioner, to make such an amputation, with regard especially to the night coming on, as it seemed to them fitting that the execution should be over before the close of the day.

In consequence of this order, the sinews of the sufferer were cut at the joints of the arms and thighs. The horses then drew afresh, and after several pulls, a thigh and arm were seen to sunder from the body. Daniels still looked at this painful separation, and seemed to preserve some sense and knowledge after both thighs, and one arm, were thus severed from his body: nor was it till the other arm went away that he expired.

As soon as it was certain that there was no life left, the body and scattered limbs were thrown into a fire prepared for that purpose near the scaffold, where they were all reduced to ashes.

## THOUGHTS.

Hast thou seen, with flash incessant,  
Bubbles gliding under ice,  
Bodied forth, and evanescent,  
No one knows by what device?

Such are thoughts—a wind swept meadow,  
Mimicking a troubled sea;  
Such is life—and death a shadow  
From the rock Eternity! WORDSWORTH.

## THE PATH OF DUTY IS THE PATH OF PEACE AND SAFETY.

Mr. S.—, a country gentleman and magistrate, resided at B—, in the vicinity of Cork. Early in the last century a prisoner, charged with sheep-stealing, was brought to his house; and while Mr. S.— was engaged in writing a committal, and the bailiffs in making the necessary preparations for carrying forward the prisoner, the latter was placed for safe custody in a yard enclosed by a lofty wall. In this yard a child, son of Mr. S.—, and afterwards father to the lady who related to me this anecdote, was amusing himself with some childish sports.

The prisoner was in early youth. He had but just entered upon his vicious career, and his feelings and fears were not yet extinguished and rendered callous by habitual crime. He sat down upon a stone in the yard, placed his head between his knees, and wept bitterly.

The child was immediately arrested in his play by this piteous spectacle, and, with all the veneration which deep sorrow secures from every feeling mind, drew near to the sufferer, and timidly inquired why he wept.

The prisoner, hunted down by all, sinking in despair, and perhaps catching at the slender hope which the sympathy of the magistrate's child held out to him, told, with all the pathos of real woe, the tale of his sorrows, and wrought powerfully upon the feelings of the child.

His first reply was a rapid and earnest inquiry, "Why don't you run away from them?"

The man pointed to the lofty wall and locked door, and said, "How can I?"

This difficulty the child at once overruled by saying, "I will let you out;" and without waiting a reply, ran quickly into the house.

I will not say he stole the key, for he never thought of any objection against his using it, but quite the contrary; in the most perfect simplicity and good feeling he took it, unobserved, from the table at which his father was writing the committal; unlocked the wicket, through which, with a hurried step and parting blessing, the prisoner quickly escaped; and when the committal was made out and the bailiffs were ready, the object of all these preparations had safely fled.

Years, too, fled rapidly. The child became a man, and put away childish things. He substituted—I fear it may be said of those days—the fox-hunt and carousal, those rational enjoyments of manhood, for the top and ball and hoop, the simple sports of childhood; and may it not be said of any days, until the Millennium, the heavy and up-hill drag of worldly business and worldly cares, for the alternating business and relaxation, tears and laughter, of the school-room and the play-ground.

In the course of business, Mr. S.—, who had now succeeded to the property of his deceased father, had a large engagement to meet at the Cork Bank. Disappointed by tenants, the utmost provision which he could make for it in the country fell short of its amount, and he found it imperatively necessary to get into Cork the night before the bill was payable,

that he might make arrangements to prevent its being dishonored. He arrived at Mallow as the day closed. At that time the road between Mallow and Cork was infested by a desperate gang of highwaymen, and robberies of an intrepid and ferocious character were of frequent occurrence. The experiment of travelling this road at night, and with a large sum of money, was most hazardous; but credit was at stake, and there was no alternative. He arrived safely at White Church, a ruin within about five miles of Cork, and there, at an angle in the road, was stopped by a footpad, who with a pistol to his breast, demanded his purse. He frankly told his circumstances, but an appeal or remonstrance was unavailing. Money and credit were now gone; and perhaps at this moment Mr. S.— might have thought with a sigh upon the careless and disengaged hours of childhood, and deemed its peaceful calm but ill compensated by that independence of manhood after which it so intensely breathes, with all the vexing cares and harassing turmoil which manhood brings along with it.

It was a moonlight night, occasionally dimmed by floating clouds. Just as the robbery was completed, and the highwayman, looking up, commanded him to go forward, the moon, suddenly emerging from behind a dark cloud, shone full upon the face of Mr. S.—. The highwayman for a moment looked upon the countenance with the most intense searching gaze, and then abruptly demanded, "What is your name?"

This was to Mr. S.— no gratifying recognition. Mr. S. had succeeded his father in the magistracy as well as estate, and discharged its duties with zeal and efficiency. The thought at once naturally rushed into his mind, "This is some felon who has been brought before me and punished, and if he recognizes will surely murder me." He was just about to give a false name, when the better thought was suggested, "I am under awful circumstances: if I am this moment to pass into eternity, let it not be with a lie upon my lip;" and he replied, "My name is Spread."

The highwayman, as if transformed by some magic spell, in manner, accent, and feature, and with a voice whose softened and subdued tone seemed to make a faint appeal to the memory of Mr. S.—, asked, with feeling, and respect, "Do you remember, sir, the prisoner that you let out of your father's yard at Ballycanna, nineteen years ago?"

Mr. S.— did not immediately recollect the circumstances, but they were soon recalled to his memory.

The highwayman said, "I, sir, am the man whose life you that day so mercifully saved." He returned him his purse. He said, "This would little avail you: there are six men at different points on the road between you and Cork, that if a traveller escapes one, another may meet and secure him." In answer to some questions of Mr. S.—, he confessed it not at all improbable, that if he were found empty, and the account of his previous robbery not credited by the next who stopped him, he might be murdered. He walked by the side of Mr. S.—'s horse; conducted him safely through the gang to the turnpike at Blackpool, in the suburbs of Cork; and at parting, compelled him to receive gold sufficient to complete his engagement at the bank.

Mr. S.— gave him much advice, and many promises of protection and security, if he would abandon his evil course; and he promised, that, when he could extricate himself with safety at once to his comrades and himself, he would break off from the confederacy, and place himself under Mr. S.—'s protection.

Had Mr. S.— followed that first impulse of the natural heart, which would have led him to withdraw himself by falsehood from the protection of Providence—had he rejected the monitor within, which told him (conscience echoing the word of God), that "Whoever would save his life shall lose it; but whosoever will lose his life in this world, shall keep it until life eternal"—what then would his benevolence have effected? It would have resuscitated a viper to sting him. It would have nerved the paralyzed arm which was to rob him of property, of credit, perhaps of life itself.

## "DOWN AT COOMBS."

While lecturing in the eastern section of Massachusetts, says a distinguished lecturer on temperance, I met a man in the road one day, who had been one of my audience the day before, and though an entire stranger he accosted me with the question—

"Did you say, sir, yesterday, that ardent spirit is injurious and poisonous to the human system?"

"I did say so," I replied.

"Well, our doctor says he thinks they are beneficial, when not taken to excess."

"But where was your doctor when he said so?"

"Why, sir, he was down at Coombs."

"What, and where is Coombs?"

"It's our tavern down here, about half a mile."

"And what was your Doctor doing, when he said so?"

"He was talking, sir, in the bar-room."

"Had he nothing in his hand?"

"He had nothing, sir, but a glass of brandy sling."

—Pledge.

## COCHRAN, THE IMPOSTOR.

Col. Stone, in his recent work entitled *Matthias and his impostures*, has the following reference to the arch-impostor Cochran, who figured so successfully in Maine, some years since. The scoundrel, it will be recollected, succeeded in seducing many females, both married and single, and breaking up many families.

In our own country, the most surprising instance of imposture and delusion, perhaps, that has ever occurred, was that of the Cochranes, whose enormities in licentiousness made so much stir in Maine and New Hampshire a few years since. Cochran was an officer in the army, thrown out of commission by the reduction of the military establishment of the United States, after the conclusion of the last war with England. Having become poor and penniless, he left one of the New England cities, and struck off into the country, seeking his fortune, and caring not whether he went. One day, as night drew on, he found himself near a farm house, weary and hungry, and without a penny to purchase a mouthful of food, or the use of a pillow for the night. The thought struck him suddenly of throwing himself upon the hospitality of the farmer, for the occasion, in the character of a minister. Introducing himself as such to the family, he was gladly received; and as the country was new and destitute of clergymen, the good people forthwith dispatched messengers to the neighbors, that a minister had come among them,

and invited them to attend a meeting. The impostor had not anticipated so speedy a trial of his clerical character; but having assumed it, there was no escape—he must act the part for the time being, in the best way he could. Being neither ignorant nor destitute of talents, he succeeded in acquitting himself much better than he had anticipated, and gave so much satisfaction to his audience—not very discriminating, as may well be supposed—as to induce him to persevere in the imposture he had commenced. As he acquired skill and confidence by practice in his new vocation, his popularity increased, and he soon found it a profitable occupation. He was followed by multitudes; and it was not long before he announced himself as some great one, and founded a new sect of religionists. His command over the audiences which he addressed, is said to have been wonderful, and his influence unbounded. It seemed as though he possessed some potent spell, by means of which he was enabled to hold the victims of his impostures in a state of enchantment. A clerical friend (a professor in an eastern college) has since informed the writer, that having heard of the wonderful way which Cochran held over his disciples, and indeed of the impressions he made upon casual hearers, he determined one evening to go and witness his performances himself. While present, although a very cool and grave personage, he assures us that he felt some strange, undefinable, mysterious influence creeping over him to such a degree that he was actually obliged to tear himself away in apprehension of the consequences. This gentleman however, is a believer in animal magnetism, and is inclined to attribute the power of Cochran to that cause. It was said that if the impostor did but touch the hand or neck of a female, his power over her person and reason was complete. The consequences, therefore, were the most open and loathsome sensuality. So atrocious was his conduct that he seduced great numbers of females, married and unmarried, under the pretext of raising up a holy race of men. The peace of many families was broken up, and the villain kept an establishment like a seraglio. His career was happily short. But enough of these disgusting and melancholy commentaries upon the weakness of human nature, and we return to the principal subject of our history.

It is said that 730,000 copies of the Temperance Almanac had been contracted for at Albany, where it is published, before the first of July. They might do much good if they were to fall into the right hands, but it happens unfortunately, that those who most need reformation, care so little about them, that they would rather spend four-pence for drink, than for an Almanac.

The Editor of the Washington Telegraph says: "As a man, a Christian (?), and a citizen, we believe that slavery is right; that the condition of the slave, as it now exists in the slave-holding States, is the best existing organization of civil society!"

## SINGING BOOKS.

As the season is approaching for the commencement of A. Singing Schools, the subscriber would give notice that all the varieties of Singing Books will be furnished at the publishers' prices, at No. 19 Washington street.

D. H. ELA.

## SINGING SCHOOL.

THE Subscriber will open a Singing School for Ladies and Gentlemen, at the Vestry of a Unitarian Church, to be taught on the Pestalozzian system, which has within a year or two past, become so popular. This method unfolds the science to the learner, in an easy, interesting, and pleasing manner. The School will be held on Monday and Thursday evenings. It will commence Thursday evening, Oct. 13, and be continued 24 evenings. The first evening will be spent in an exhibition of the system, and will be gratis. Tickets may be had at No. 19, Washington-street, at No. 7, Stillman-street, and at the door of the Vestry.

WM. C. BROWN.

## SUPPLEMENT TO

SIX MONTHS IN A CONVENT. THIS work is just published, and may be had in any quantity, at the publishers' prices, of D. H. ELA, Sept. 9.

GIRL WANTED to do the work in a family. Inquire at this office. Sept. 16.

GIRLS WANTED. Several girls are wanted as apprentices to the unitarian business. Three or four can be accommodated with board, if desired. Inquire at this office. Sept. 16.

LIVE GESE AND RUSSIA FEATHERS. At Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, Boston.

ROGERS & HASKELL, offer for sale best Northern and Western Live Geese and Russia FEATHERS, which are warranted free from small or moults. July 8.

## PRICE REDUCED.

THE AMERICAN ANTI-SLAVERY A'MANAC for 1836 is offered to the public at the low price of 50 cents per dozen. This Almanac is printed on superior paper, and is got up and executed in a style unsurpassed by anything of the kind published. It contains as much matter as any other, and it will be found in all respects a correct and useful Almanac. BOSTON, Sept. 15, 1835.

BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY. THE BOSTON INDIA RUBBER FACTORY have taken a Warehouse at No. 9 State street, where they now offer for sale such articles as are manufactured at their Factory, consisting of as great a variety as at any other establishment in this city. All goods offered to the public at the above warehouse will be stamped with the Factory's name, and warranted of the best quality, and no cases will higher prices be charged than at other establishments. The public are respectfully invited to call. Purchasers from the South and West will find a good assortment, adapted for those markets. FREDERICK GOULD, Agent. July 22.

## WHITTIER &amp; WARREN.

WARRANTED BOOTS AND SHOES of all descriptions, by the package or single pair, No. 14 Dock Square, (opposite Faneuil Hall), Boston. Sept. 3.

## NOTICE.

STEPHEN ANDREWS, Sexton of the Methodist Chapel in Bromfield street, has removed from No. 47 Merrimack street to No. 5 Ballard Place, Bromfield street. August 26.

## FURNITURE AND CHAIRS.

ROGERS & HASKELL, continue to keep for sale at Nos. 8 & 10 Dock Square, a good assortment of Furniture and Chairs, which they offer very low for cash. July 8.

## BOOK AND JOB PRINTING

EXECUTED with neatness, and on reasonable terms, at the HERALD OFFICE, 19 Washington street.

## TERMS OF THE HERALD.

1. The HERALD is published weekly at \$2.00 per annum if paid within two weeks from the time of subscribing. If payment is neglected after this, \$2.50 will be charged, and \$3.00 if not paid at the close of the year.  
2. All subscriptions discontinued at the expiration of eighteen months, unless paid.  
3. All the travelling preachers in the New-England, Maine, and New Hampshire Conferences are authorized agents, in whom payment may be made.  
4. All Communications on business, or designed for publication, should be addressed to BENJ. KINGSBURY, Jr., post paid, unless containing \$10.00, or five subscribers.  
5. All biographies, accounts of revivals, and other matters involving facts, must be accompanied with the names of the writers.  
We wish agents to be particular to write the names of subscribers, and the name of the post office to which papers are to be sent, in such a manner that there can be no misunderstanding or mistake.



Publishers

Vol. VI. No. 41.

ZION'S HERALD.

Office No. 19 Washington

BENJ. KINGSBURY, J.

ASSISTED BY AN ASSOCIATION